



The Athenian Mercury:

Tuesday, March 28. 1693.

Question. **T**hree years since, having an Old Father that intends to exceed the Years of Methuselah, I out of despair, he not allowing me a handsome maintenance, married an Old decrepid superannuated Maid of a very good Fortune, and then very sickly, but since so perfectly recover'd, that I have reason to fear she'll e'ne initiate my Father, whereas you may very well think I expected a speedy death would part Friends, divorce me from my mouldy Bride, whose loss I was preparing for with all the moderation of a good Husband, but she has been so unconscionable as to outlive even my hopes, which makes me entreat your Advice to an almost distracted man, on these following Queries:

1. Whether it be a Crime to borrow some of my Fathers bury'd Gold, since it lies useless, and I can easily supply its place with Bags of other things that will do as well, for I have reason to think he contents himself with counting the Bags only?

2. My Old Ly-by-me having so drawn the Writings by my own Consent before Marriage, that I resign'd all over to her Dispose, not doubting but to get 'em out of her again, tho' I now find I can't do't: Whether knowing where to seize them I may not commit them to the flames, and take possession of all, allowing her a handsome separate maintenance? Your speedy Answer would much Oblige, &c.

Answer. Two hard Cases, tho' both of 'em we dare believe our defunct'd Brethren wou'd immediately resolve in the Affirmative: We must consider 'em a little, and then shall give you our Judgments. For the first, we must needs say you talk more like a Spark than a Gentleman — Why shou'd you envy your Old Father a few Pulses more, who tho' he is very unkind and unnatural, and his Carriage is a high Temptation to such unhandsome returns as you make him, yet that Temptation ought not to prevail, and you ought to deal better with him than he with you, this being a private particular Concern between you two only, and however he deals with you, he's still your Father, and shou'd Death take your own old piece of Household-stuff off your hands, and your Bed get younger Furniture, if you have a Son of your own you'll scarce be pleas'd if he shou'd begrudge his Fathers Lite, as you his Grandfathers. Nor are you much less unjust and unreasonable, in taking your old Lumber into your house, only with hopes of presently turning it out again, and you'd be e'ne very well fitted, if she shou'd grow fullen, and lye upon your hands (let's see) for seven years longer, tho' to be just to you too, 'tis very hard, that when you have refresh'd her thus beyond hopes, when you have been the staff of her Age, her Muff, her Warming-pan, her any thing, you shou'd not have a days wages for a days work, and a handsome Fee for such a miraculous Cure. Now to your Questions — In our Judgments 'tis a clear Case your Fathers Jacobus's ought to be as Sacred to you as they are to him, lest you shou'd find 'em as fatal as Aurum Tholosanum, or that untoward draught of Aurum Potabile, which the Parthians presented Crassus. The propriety is still his, and he's your Father, and you may be supply'd otherways, if not his missing or not missing, it is not the thing, any more than 'twou'd be no Crime for a Pickpocket to Angle out a parcel of your own Guinea's when you come to have so many, that you won't be sensible of your loss. For your Spouse, we think the Case is harder; if she allows you handiome, and like a Gentleman, you have no reason in the World to complain; Wou'dn't every thing fain live, and why shou'd you envy the good you your self have done, since it appears she owes her Health to you, as well as you your Estate to her; if she does not allow you proportionable to her Estate, and the Figure you are oblig'd

to make in the World, 'tis, We confess, still harder upon you — What if you shou'd sue her for Alimony, you were best consult Council upon the Case, and We think 'twou'd be a very hard matter if a poor Man shou'd not recover it, when 'tis so easily granted to the Wives in the same Circumstances. But still the Point is, may I lawfully burn the Writings or not; We suppose you'd have this try'd in Foro Conscientia, and intend not to trouble any other Court with the Matter: We Answer, if she refuse to let you have what's truly necessary and convenient for you, (not for your Extravagancies) we think, (tho' we may be mistaken) that 'tis lawful for you to burn the Writings; Our reason is, that a Husband seems to have a right prior to any Instituted Law to the Goods of the Wife. This 'tis true, he may part with as you have done, but 'tis with a reasonable supposition, that if all your Estate is at her dispose, she shou'd, as before, allow you in Justice, what you need, and it seems preposterous and unnatural, in such a Case, that an Inferiour Relation shou'd have power to perclude a Superior from a proportion of what shou'd be at the highest in common between 'em. However, if this shou'd be lawful for the Husband, as we can't say we are confident, yet we are sure 'tis so after he has done it, and enter'd on the Estate, to turn out his Old Wife, and with her Money maintain a young Concubine — No, he not only ought to allow her better than she does him, but to live with, and let her still retain the Name of his Lye-by-him, unless she has her self a mind to edge further, for to be just between you, 'twou'd be very hard of your side to take all she has, as you intend to do, without giving her some valuable Consideration.

Quest. 3. The enclos'd is sent with a request to know your Opinion, whether any one violently in Love cou'd write such a Letter, upon no other ground than some few haughty Expressions spoken to a Passionate Lover, when we believe, if ever we have power; and if to be forgiven, with a request, if given in behalf of the Writer, how to get rights again in his Opinion, and to govern my self for the future?

The Letter was in these Terms.

YOU Women are the oddest things in Nature; if any one of Sincerity tells you of their Esteem, you presently despise him, but your manner of doing it is wonderfully particular, your Language uncommon, and your Action so full of unmannerly Pride, that shou'd my Footman have the Esteem I had for you, I shou'd conclude him Fool, and discharge him of my Service. I had the Opinion you were Mistress of some Understanding, and more Goodness, and that Opinion laid me open to an Impression troublesome enough, but the brutish returns made me, has ras'd that Character, and stain'd every drop of Blood I have with the much truer one of haughty, insolently proud and vain. Proud and Vain were given you in your earlier Age, and then you were excusable; but in declining Years, when scarce any thing but Goodness is left to recommend you, to double the Humour is intolerable. You think possibly the Title of Sir — and my Lady's Daughter, a Coach, and the Reputation of a thousand pounds a Year, (tho' something over-valued) with the Acquaintance of a neighbour-
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ing Earl or two, entitle you to your Phantastick Air, your haughty Toss and Step, and to despise implicitly all without the Title of my Lord, Sir — or your Ladiship. I'm sure this Opinion suits your Meen, and I mistake if not your Understanding, and in Complaisance take this Wish at parting — May your Pride have the lofty Title, and the empty thing familiarly tack'd to it, and may that Idoliz'd Title be your only satisfaction, and be assur'd when next you make my Prospect a Contemning Smile, remember me, that towering Vanity in her proudest dress must down, tho' set in Beauty, that the Beggar will level with us all, and have six Foot of Ground as good as the proudest she; nay perhaps better; for Osborn says, which you had known had you Consulted Books half as much as your Looking-Glass, He that lies under the Herse of Heaven is convertible into Sweet-Herbs and Flowers that may rest in their Bosoms who wou'd shreek at the ugly Buggs may crawl in the Arch'd and Costly Tombs of Kings — And now adieu Incomparably Proud and Violently affected — fondled into Folly by doating Parents, who having none but you to represent 'em, have hugg'd their Image 'till they have defac'd it.

Ans. 'Tis a swinger we must Confess; tho' after all, the Style speaks the Writer a Person of Sense, and a Gentleman; nay, as strange as that seems, a Lover too, for that's a vain, capricious, testy, angry thing, that knows not what he writes, nor does, nor says — We Confess, Madam, he has Wounded you in the most sensible part: If he had only call'd you Vain, or Haughty, they had been but such Characters as may indifferently serve for almost all Mistresses — (not that We think there's much Vanity lost between the Sexes; for verily as our Friend Sternhold says, tho' in a graver sense, *Man is a vain shew* —) We say, if this had been all, 't had been no great matter, but to tell you you were Old too, if you'd please ingenuously to Confess, this makes it sting deeper than all the rest; and did you not need all the Goodness your Lover says you are Mistress of, to forgive it: However, if your Ladyship thinks fit to take our foolish Opinion in this matter, We think you may honourably enough forgive him, for this Reason, because you are not to believe one word that a Lover says or writes either for or against you, since that Arch Wag Cupid as soon as e're he has caught 'em, puts his own Muffler about their Eyes, and makes 'em play at *Blind-man's-Buff*, running about like Mad-folks, feeling and stumbling, and breaking their own Noses and Shins, and other Folks, and Woe to them that stand in their Way, or come within their Clutches. But now to be graver: We think Madam, your Goodness will, and your Honour may forgive him, because he gives you the satisfaction of asking your Pardon, on which account you may still entertain his honourable Love, it being very possible for him to Write such a Letter as he is a passionate Lover, nay very Natural, Love and Anger being both great Passions and very near akin, though so far different, as the same Muscles of the Face, are made use of for laughing and crying — As for your Question, *How you are hereafter to manage your self towards him* — In our Opinion, you ought to seem to be as angry with him as you can, as long as you can, (a few Moments) and to make him pass a Purgatory before he gets to his Elysium. Nor need you do more, We think, effectually to mortifie him, than now and then to show him his Letter, and when he sues for any Favour — a Touch or Kiss — of your Hand — remember him you are — Old — Keep him thus at Eys-End and Lips-end but for a Week or

a Fortnight, and We'll Undertake for him he becomes as true a humble Spaniel-Lover, as any of

MADAM,
Your Ladiships Humble Servants, &c.

The Gentleman who sent us in several Questions reflecting on the present Established Church of England, with Complaints that he has sent several before, without receiving any Answer, must excuse us that his last meets the same Fate with their Predecessors, since we shou'd be very ill Men to reflect on a Communion whereof We ourselves have so often profess'd to be Members.

Advertisements.

There is now Undertaken the Translation of the Prince Royal of Denmark's Voyage into Germany, Italy and France, to which will be added his Continuation of it thro' Flanders and Holland 'till he arrive back unto the King his Father's Dominions. It will be Illustrated with great Variety of Copper Plates, and be more Curious than any other Voyage yet extant. The Undertakers are J. Dunton, H. Rhodes, T. Goodwin, R. Baldwin, J. Harris and R. Parker.

An Account of the Conversion of Theodore John, a late Teacher among the JEWS, together with his Confession of the Christian Faith which he delivered immediately before he was Baptised in the Presence of the Lutheran Congregation in the German-Church in Little Trinity-lane, London. By John Esdras Edzard, Minister to the said Church. On the twenty third Sunday after Trinity, being the 31th of October, in the Year of our Lord God 1692. Translated out of High Dutch into English. Licensed and Entered according to Order. Price 6 d.

A Conference betwixt a Modern Atheist and his Friend. By the Methodizer of the Second SPIRA. Price 6 d. This Book is Printed in the same size with the Second Spira, that they might Bind up together.

An Earnest Call to Family Catechising and Reformation: By a Reverend Divine. Several Ministers and Private Christians perusing this Piece, earnestly moved for its Publication, which the Reverend Author at length Consenting to, the following PROPOSAL is now made for the more general dispersing of it; viz. That whatever Gentlemen will be so Publick Spirit-ed, as to give Fifty of 'em away, they shall have that number deliver'd to 'em for Twenty Shillings sticht up in Blew Paper, and ready Cut; but as for others who buy lesser humbers, they must not expect 'em under Six Pence per Book.

All three Printed for John Dunton at the Raven in the Poultry.

Here is a Book newly Publisht, entituled, *Considerations on a Book*, Entituled, *The Theory of the Earth*, Published some Years since by the Learned Dr. Burnet. It's Printed for the Author, John Beaumont, Junior, Gent. and Sold by Randal Taylor, near Stationers-Hall.

In Grays-Inn-lane in Plow-yard, the third Door, lives Dr. Thomas Kirleus, a Collegiate Physician, and Sworn Physician in Ordinary to King Charles the Second, until his death; who with a Drink and Pill (hindring no Business) undertakes to Cure any Ulcers, Sores, Swellings in the Nose, Face, or other parts; Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Leprosies, and Venereal Disease, expecting nothing until the Cure be finished: Of the last he hath cured many hundreds in this City, many of them after fluxing, which carries the evil from the Lower Parts to the Head, and so destroys many. The Drink is 3 s. the Quart, the Pill 1 s. a Box, with Directions; a better Purger than which was never given, for they cleanse the Body of all Impurities, which are the causes of Dropsies, Gouts, Scurvies, Stone or Gravel, Pains in the Head, and other parts. With another Drink at 1 s. 6 d. a Quart. He cures all Fevers and hot Distempers without Bleeding, except in few Bodies. He gives his Opinion to all that writes or comes for nothing.